TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

THIS IS TO CERTIFY TO ALL to whom these presents may come, That we, Robert S. Baird, of the City of Wilmington and State of Delaware, and James C. McComb, of Brandywine hundred, New Castle county and State of Delaware, have this day entered into a limited partnership for the purpose of carrying on the trade and business of manufacturing and dealing in morocco and other leathers, and all things thereunto belonging or appertaining, under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Delaware, upon the terms hereinafter set forth.

The said partnership is to be conducted under the partnership name of Charles Baird and Company and the general object of the partnership is to carry on the trade and business of manufacturing and dealing in morocco and other leathers, and all things thereunto belonging or appertaining.

The names and residences of the said partners are as follows: The general partner of the said firm is Robert S. Baird, living in the city of Wilmington, New Castle county and State of Delaware, and the special partner is James C. McComb, of Brandywine hundred, New Castle county and State of Delaware.

That the said James C. McComb, the special partner, has contributed the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars to the common stock of the said partnership.

That the said partnership is to commence on the sixteenth day of November, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, and is to end on the first day of December, A. D., nineteen hundred.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereunto set our hands and seals, at the City of Wilmington and State of Delaware, this sixteenth day of November, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

ROBT. S. BAIRD [Seal.]
JAMES C McCOMB [Seal.]

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in the presence of Lewis Sasse.

STATE OF DELAWARE, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, } ss.:

Be it Remembered, That on this sixteenth day of November, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, personally came before me, Lewis Sasse, a Justice of the Peace for New Castle county and State of Delaware, Robert S. Baird and James C. McComb, parties to the foregoing Certificate, known to me personally to be such, and severally acknowledged that they signed and sealed the said Certificate for the purposes therein set forth, and that the same is their, and each of their, act and deed.

Given under my hand and seal the day and year last aforesaid.

LEWIS SASSE, [Seal.]
Justice of the Peace.

REGISTER'S ORDER.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,
NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL.
February, 14th, 1900.

Upon the application of Edward M. Vaughan, Executor of Dr. Horace Vaughan, late of St. George's Hundred, in said county, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Executor aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters Testamentary upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters in six of the most public places of the County of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the estate to present the same, or abide by an act of Assembly in such case made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the Middletown TRANSCRIPT a newspaper published in Middletown, Del., and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and seal of office of the Register aforesaid, at Wilmington, in New Castle County aforesaid, the day and year above written

[SEAL]

CALVIN W. CROSSAN, Regiser.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary were in due form of law granted unto the undersigned, on the fourteenth day of February A. D. 1900, and that all persons having claims against the estate of the deceased must present the same, duly attested, to the said Executor, on or before the fourteenth day of February, 1901, or abide the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

EDWARD M. VAUGHAN, Executor.
Address,
Middletown, Delaware.

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and
Silverware.

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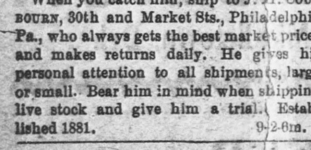

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30 years' continuous practice

HIS FAMILY SPECTER

"By Jove, Gordon, I don't know what to make of you!" exclaimed Tom Fairleigh, drawing on his gloves, with considerable show of vexation. "Amy Hepburn's happiness is dear to me. In fact, I came here tonight to tell you that I love her"—

"To tell me!" broke in Gordon. "Why don't you tell her?"

"Wait, can't you? Let me finish. I have told her, and she has declined me. It was done very gently and with the greatest possible regard for my feelings, but nevertheless I was declined. Don't think me a fool because I come here and make a confession which can be nothing less than mortifying. I'm doing it for Amy's sake."

"For Amy's sake?" echoed Gordon.

"Yes; I want to see her happy, and you are the man to make her so. She declined me on your account. Of course I knew long ago that you were my rival, but did not know until two hours ago that you were the successful one. You aren't worthy of her and don't deserve her, but don't think for a moment that I believe myself more worthy or more deserving." Pausing suddenly, Fairleigh walked to his friend's side and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I can't understand what you mean by leading Amy to believe that you care for her while all the time dividing your attention with Nell Forthdyke. Would you be inhuman enough to break a heart as loyal as Amy's?"

"Don't get tragic, Tom. I'm not going to break anybody's heart. Nell is rich, you know"—

"And so are you," sneered Fairleigh, walking hurriedly to the door and laying his hand on the knob, "but Amy Hepburn is poor. Society dares you to wed with poverty. If you love Amy, are you man enough to take the dare? Examine into the financial condition of the Hepburns, reflect upon the cause of their downfall in fortune and then let me see if you are strong enough to leap this Brahminical barrier of caste."

With this parting shot Fairleigh passed quickly out of the room and slammed the door behind him. Harry Gordon gave vent to a long whistle, settled himself back in a chair and thoughtfully lighted a cigar.

"That was quite a jolt," he muttered, looking upward through the curling wreaths of smoke. "'How happy could I be with either were t'other dear charmer away!' It's as sure as can be that I love one and fancy the other. But who will unravel the Gordian knot? Which is it to be—Amy or Nell?"

A knock fell on the door, not on the outside door, but on a door leading into a closet. Harry Gordon stirred uncomfortably in his chair, a vexed look coming into his eyes as he fixed them upon the closet door. After a brief interval of silence the knock was repeated.

"Now, what in the world aroused you?" cried Gordon.

"Business is business," came a hollow voice from the other side of the closet door. "I'm here for a purpose, and if I do not make that purpose manifest once in awhile you'll forget all about me."

This remark was followed by a clanking, cachinnatory outburst that seemed to grate harshly on Gordon's ear.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want to come out and show myself. You know I'm here, but a little ocular demonstration won't come amiss, I take it. Remember, I'm showing consideration for you. I might have kicked open this door and stalked out into the room. But I didn't. I rapped."

"Can't you put it off? Come out tomorrow. I've got something else to think about now."

"The high and mighty order of family skeletons are not in the habit of playing second fiddle or taking back seats for anybody. I'm coming at once."

"All right, then," groaned Gordon, squaring himself about in his chair. "Come on."

The closet door flew open and a well developed skeleton strode out and dropped with a rattle into a chair. The cavernous eyes were blankly expressive—to Gordon. For him also there was something sarcastic in the grin of the fleshless jaws.

"Dust me off," said the skeleton. "I want to show up as frightful as possible tonight."

The request presented itself to Gordon as a command which he was powerless to disobey. Picking up a feather duster, he plied it vigorously about the gleaming white bones.

"Achoo!" he sneezed, dropping the duster and falling into his chair.

"You ought not to neglect me," said the skeleton. "I'm one of the family and should be treated as such. Now, then, let's have a chat."

The skeleton crossed its bony legs and settled back comfortably.

"Will it do me any good to have a chat with you?" queried Gordon.

"That remains to be seen. It used to do your father good. Why, it was my custom to visit him every night. As he sat before that table there writing I'd sneak out of that closet, come quietly up behind him and put an arm caressingly about his neck." The skeleton laughed, working its bony jaws with a succession of crackling sounds that made Gordon shiver. "How it used to startle him! He would turn white as a sheet as he looked up into my face. Once he sprang to his feet in desperation, and we had a wrestle all about the room, overturning chairs, tables and everything else that came in our way."

"You succeeded well in shortening my father's life," returned Gordon gloomily. "Under your tyranny he sank into his grave long before his time."

"So he did, so he did, and he passed me on to you with the rest of his property, real and personal. It was a rich inheritance, my dear boy, even though I had to be dragged at its heels. Yet don't accuse me of any responsibility for your father's taking off. He was the author of my existence. Like Frankenstein, he built me up, bone by bone, and was not content until he had made a gigantic monster and had breathed into my bony breast the breath of life. Then, in order that I might not afflict his sight, he stowed me away in that closet. Suppose I became the instrument of his own undoing. Is it not true that he was nevertheless the author of his own downfall?"

"Your logic seems to be as merciless as it is correct," answered Gordon, with knitted brows. "Still, there are some points relating to your history on which my mind is a trifle obscure. What possessed my father to call into being a creature of your disagreeable character?"

"The almighty dollar, young man. He created me in order that you might inherit a little more wealth. He did not think, then, how I should one day sit astride his shoulders like an Old Man of the Sea, nor did he think that it was possible for me to afflict his son. For obvious reasons, my relations with you are not so intimate as they were with your worthy father. I was evolved out of the wheat pit of the board of trade. Your father was a bull, and he mercilessly gored both life and fortune out of a certain bear who was not nimble enough to get out of his way."

"And who was this bear?" asked Gordon.

"A man named Hepburn."

"Amy Hepburn's father?" murmured the young man, rubbing his hand across his brow in an effort to remember.

"Yes. Hepburn lost every penny he had in the world through that disastrous wheat deal. He was forced into bankruptcy and, unable to bear the disgrace, took his own life. His money went to increase the store your father left you, my boy, and it is now possible for you to live in luxury while Hepburn's wife and children must struggle on as best they can. However," and the skeleton got up and started back to its closet, "it is not for me to moralize. Now that I've caught myself delivering a homily, I'll just take my departure. Au revoir, my dear fellow!"

Halting at the closet door, the skeleton waved its adieu and disappeared within. Gordon sat in his chair, deep in thought, while his cigar burned itself out between his fingers.

At last he got up and shook his broad shoulders as though freeing himself of a disagreeable burden.

"Society has dared me," he muttered, "but I know my heart, now, and I'll do as I please!"

* * * * * * *

After Harry Gordon and Amy Hepburn had been married and had returned from their honeymoon Harry brought his bride up stairs to his old bachelor's den and seated her in a chair.

"My dear," he said, "I have a confession to make to you. My father once did your father a grievous wrong, and I have made myself the happiest fellow in the world by undoing it. However, as we are not to have any secrets from each other, you must know about this."

A look of astonishment came into Amy's blue eyes as she watched her husband proceed to the closet, throw open the door and go rummaging about inside.

"What in the world are you looking for, Harry?" she asked as he returned to her side.

"I'm looking for something that does not seem to be there—the Gordon family skeleton, Amy. For the first time in 15 years it is not to be found in that closet."

Just then a clanking tread was heard in the hallway without, the door was pushed slowly ajar and the skeleton limped in, supporting itself on a crutch and looking very much the worse for wear.

"There it is!" cried Gordon. "What's the matter with you, old chap? Here, sit down. I want to make you acquainted with my wife."

The family skeleton dropped into a chair and shook until it rattled like a score of castanets.

"I'm done for," it groaned. "You've fixed me, young man. I just dropped in to say goodby forever. But don't introduce me to your wife. We've met before."

"That's so, Harry," said Amy. "I know all about this family skeleton of yours. Don't let it worry you, my dear," and she threw her soft arms about his neck. "Let the dead past bury its dead. If we are happy, isn't that enough?"

"Enough, yes!" And he pressed a rapturous kiss upon her fair cheek.

That kiss pronounced the doom of the Gordon family skeleton. Forthwith it began to fade into thin air, finally vanishing and leaving not a wrack behind.

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A Scientific, Unfailing and Permanent Remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and all Stomach and Nerve Troubles.

Jas. Starin, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I had always been thin and emaciated; appetite good, but food did not seem to nourish me and had never found anything to do me any good until I commenced to take Johnson's Dyspepsia Cure. Have now been taking it two months, have gained fifteen pounds and am still increasing. It is a wonderful medicine for weak and run down people." Large Boxes, 10c, 25c and 50c.

FOR SALE BY
AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

ELASTIC APPOINTMENTS.

Original Way In Which an M. C. Pleases His Constituents.

A noted M. C., familiarly known as Joe, is one of the thriftiest men in congress, and the patronage at his disposal is made to do effective work in his home district. Not long ago he requested of a certain chief in the interior department an appointment as laborer for one of his constituents. The request was promptly complied with, but, much to the surprise of the chief, as promptly declined. The member was sent for.

"What does this mean?" demanded the official. "The man you were so urgent to have named as a laborer declines the position."

"Yes, I know," replied the M. C. "I advised him to."

"You advised him to," echoed the chief. "What was the matter? I gave you exactly what you asked for, didn't I?"

"Yes," responded Joe. "I have no fault to find with the appointment. The case is like this: My constituents follow me down to Washington hoping to get soft berths in the government service. There are a dozen here now and not places enough to go around. I secure the appointment for one, he asks my advice, and I tell him to decline; his job at home is better, so he goes back satisfied. I appoint another. He declines at my advice, but he has been paid, he is flattered and content, and so on through the list. You see, a man learns a thing or two after 20 years in Washington, and I have learned to make one appointment do for a dozen supporters."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Telltail.

A "befo' de wah" matron was teaching one of the little darkies on her plantation how to spell. The primer she used was a pictorial one, and over each word was its accompanying picture, and Polly glibly spelled "o-x, ox," and "b-o-x, box," etc.

But the teacher thought that she was making too rapid progress, so she put her hand over the picture and said, "Polly, what does o-x spell?"

"Ox," answered Polly nimbly.

"How do you know that it spells ox, Polly?"

"Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Better Way.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Jones to his neighbor, who was an aged millionaire. "Here you are a man of wealth and position, and yet you put out your ash barrel every morning with your own hands to save a few miserable pennies!"

"I guess you're right, neighbor," replied the miserly old fellow. "Now that you have spoken of it I can see that it is hardly the thing for a man in my position to do. Hereafter I'll have my wife do it."—Chicago News.

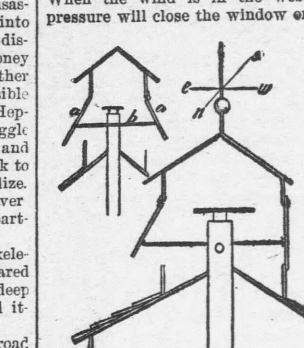
FARM AND GARDEN

A STABLE VENTILATOR.

Designed to Be Snow, Rain, Wind and Sparrow Proof.

When a man goes into his stable and finds a bushel or two of snow under the ventilator shaft, he wonders if it wouldn't be fully as conducive to the comfort of his cows if he had less ventilation, and it is not essential that we have snow to have ventilation, according to The Farmers' Institute Bulletin, which says the plan here shown will solve the difficulty. A a are windows hung on easy working hinges. B is an iron rod, not too heavy, connecting the two windows and long enough so that when one is closed the other will be open, as shown in the large cut.

When there is no wind, the windows will hang, as shown in small cut. When the wind is in the west, the pressure will close the window on that



A SNOWPROOF VENTILATOR.

side and open the opposite one. Enough draft will be formed to draw all the foul air from below. The cover to the shaft will further prevent snow coming in and will keep sparrows from bothering.

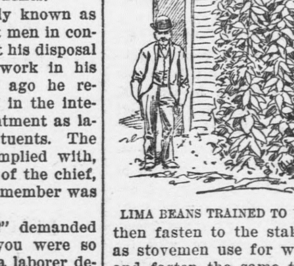
The best plan of cupola will provide for windows on all four sides, connected as shown. The shaft should be open at the bottom, but provided with a slide to close it in warm weather, and an opening should be made near the top of the stable, which may be opened in warm weather when the lower one is closed.

Irrigation of Blackberries.

One important point in the irrigation of blackberries established by the experiments of Professor Jordan at the New Jersey station is that the effect of irrigation is not confined to the year in which the water is applied. The presence of sufficient moisture to provide for the growth and development of plant and fruit seems to favor a growth of cane thoroughly matured and fitted for the succeeding season's work. The dry season of 1898 occurred during the ripening period, and great clusters of nearly developed fruit dried up completely where not irrigated. Nothing of the kind occurred when water was given. The dry period of 1899 occurred very early in the development of the fruit and was not long enough in duration to materially affect the crop, yet the results were again very markedly in favor of irrigation.

New Notion In Growing Lima Beans.

For the past nine years I have raised lima beans in my garden and for two years past have used wire in place of bean poles, and I wish to say that any one having once used wire will never go back to the old system. On the south side of an old building I have set some cedar posts ten feet or more above the ground and about 30 feet from the building. On these posts have been spiked some 2 by 4 scantling. Some heavy screw hooks are fastened to the building, and to the hooks I fasten a heavy single wire (or double if preferred) and run the same to the 2 by 4 for an overhead wire. I have my hills all boxed in with six inch strips of lumber and drive a plug or short stake in the center of each hill and



LIMA BEANS TRAINED TO UPRIGHT WIRES.

then fasten to the stake a wire, such as stovemen use for wiring stovepipe, and fasten the same to the overhead wire. In a windstorm beans receive less punishment than when poles are used, and no wire has ever broken a stem. The soil here is sandy, and by boxing the hills and using water freely I can force the growth and have early beans. Limas have matured here with me in Michigan as early as the 31st of July. The vertical wires that I have used for two seasons I expect to use again, and the cost is much less than poles and more satisfactory. I think my vines have grown in favorable weather not less than six inches in a single day, says a correspondent in Vick's Magazine, who also sends a picture of the portion of his garden here described.

In recent years a new industry has sprung up and developed into one of considerable commercial importance. The hygienic value of nuts is better understood and appreciated today, and the consumption of them has steadily increased in this country.

Rhubarb For Market.

Tie three stalks in a bunch around the butts with ordinary bunching twine. Tie large and small together, so that the bunches shall, as nearly as possible, average in size. If stalks are too small, put in four. Tie 12 of these bunches in a bundle at butts and tops. These bundles are the wholesale packages and are called a dozen, meaning, of course, a dozen bunches, but 36 stalks.—Rural New Yorker.

News and Notes.

Of the agricultural exports from the United States to Europe during 1894-8 nearly 62 per cent went to the United Kingdom. Germany received 14.7 per cent, France 7.5 per cent, the Netherlands 4.9 per cent, Belgium 4 per cent, Italy 2.4 per cent, Spain 1.7 per cent and Denmark 1 per cent.

In an Ontario trial of three varieties of millet—Japanese panicle, Japanese barnyard and Hungarian grass—panicle headed the list with a yield of 6.4 tons per acre of green hay.

Angora goat raising appears to be finding much favor in southwest Texas, as well as in Washington and Oregon.

BLUE POINTS.

Something About These Aristocrats of the Bivalve Family.

A newborn oyster is a tiny fleck of creamy substance, not much larger than the point of a pin. Its advent in countless numbers from the middle of July to the middle of August is to the oysterman of Connecticut, where are located probably the largest seed oyster plants in the world, an event of the utmost interest. Long Island sound has some peculiarity of the water which renders it especially favorable for the raising of the choicest and most widely sought oysters. Not only are here located thousands of oyster plantations, but also immense natural oyster beds. And here and there only is raised the famous Blue Point oyster, the most delicately flavored of its kind and in demand the world over.

The Great South bay, on the outside of Long Island, facing the ocean and extending a distance of 50 miles from the towns of South Bay and Speonk, is the headquarters of the entire production of the genuine Blue Point oysters. The name is derived from a point of land which juts out into the bay here, called Blue point.

A combination of percentage of salt in the water, temperature, depth, condition of bottom, together with some indefinable quality possessed by the latter which is different from any other, gives to them their flavor, which has never yet been equaled by any of the various kinds of oysters raised in America, and the oyster industry is by far the most important fishing industry in the United States. The Blue Points are simply transplanted Norwalk and Bridgeport seed oysters, which are taken from oyster beds and put into the Blue Point beds in Great South bay, where they attain maturity under the most exalted and potent conditions, which graduate them oyster aristocrats, with reputations ready made, possessing the highest oyster valuation and sought for as "Divine Points" in every civilized land.—Hartford Times.

The Parson and the Rooster.

A good rooster story comes from a Somerset county correspondent. A certain clergyman, whom we will call Rev. Mr. Little, gave one of his parishioners a rooster, as a slight token of esteem. In the family was a bright 4-year-old boy, and he always called the rooster "Brother Little." One morning the little fellow saw the rooster coming toward the house, and he shouted, "Grandma, here comes Brother Little."

Grandma never stopped to look out or make any inquiries, but started quickly to pick up and set things to rights about the room. This done, she asked the boy, "Where is Brother Little?"

"Just gone into the stable," replied the boy.

Grandma thought she might have time to change her dress and quickly dodged into another room and in a very short time appeared attired in another gown, but somewhat out of breath. Again she asked the boy if he had seen Brother Little.

"Yes," said the innocent child; "there he goes back to the barn with the rest of the hens."

Grandma did not say a word, but sat down for a few minutes to rest, and later she seemed to enjoy the joke with her grandson, who looked on wonderingly as though he only partly took in the situation.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

Busy Choir Soloists.

Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches have the credit of providing the finest and most elaborate music, but the finest music in New York is heard in the Jewish synagogues. It is chiefly sung, however, by the best singers of the Christian churches, who thriftily "double up" and draw two salaries, a good arrangement for both temples and churches, albeit the churches pay double and sometimes treble the salaries paid by the temples.

The salaries of soloists in the larger American cities range from $800 to $2,500, the latter sum being paid in a single instance. All engagements date from May 1, which is moving time for church singers as well as house movers. Their church salaries form the basis of the soloists' incomes, but many fees are earned as a result of church work. Weddings and funerals yield quite a number, and private recitals at the home entertainments of millionaire church members are weighted with the golden fruit. There are also whole orchards of concerts and oratorios for those capable of shaking the trees.—Success.

Why He Was Arrested.

"There is such a thing as being altogether too clever."

"You think so?"

"I know it. I was walking along the street yesterday when I noticed a £5 note lying on the pavement. I stooped to pick it up, but it looked like a counterfeit, so I passed on."

"And the note turned out to be a good one, of course?"

"No, it did not, but I was arrested before I had gone ten steps farther."

"Arrested? What for?"

"For passing counterfeit money."—London Answers.

Obliging Travelers.

"What is in that box you are so careful about, if I may ask?" inquired the man who had secured the lower berth in the sleeper.

"That's a collection of rare snakes I am taking to a museum. They are too valuable to be trusted out of my sight," replied the man who was preparing to climb to the upper shelf.

"Say, I'll trade berths with you."

"All right. I'm not particular where I sleep."—Chicago Tribune.

The Spirit of Research.

"Ma, oh, ma!"

"What is it, Georgie?"

"If you had married somebody else 'sides pa, would I ha' had red hair or black hair?"—Indianapolis Journal.

A man who has never learned to write his own name is not so likely to get into trouble in this world as the one who has learned to write another man's.

Don't fool with a wasp because he happens to look weary and tired—you'll probably find him all right in the end.—Chicago News.

Let us do your job printing. We will do it in first class manner.

Write for the free booklet: "*Merry Rhymes for Thirsty Times.*"

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Losses paid,	481,277 72
Remaining to Credit of Members,	102,766 90

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Time Table.

1900 SPRING ARRANGEMENT. 1900

The New Iron Steamer **CLIO**

CAPT. J. B. EVANS,
WILL LEAVE
ODESSA and PORT PENN
FOR
PHILADELPHIA,
and return from
PIER 5, NORTH WHARVES,
AS FOLLOWS:

Odessa.	MARCH.		Phila.
Thursday, 1st, 10	a. m	Friday, 2d, 5½	p.m
Monday, 5th, 12	m.	Tuesday, 6th, 11	a.m
Thursday, 8th, 2	p.m.	Friday, 9th, 12	m.
Monday, 12th, 5½	p.m.	Tuesday, 13th, 3	p m
Thursday, 15th, 7	p m.	Friday, 16th, 4½	p.m
Monday, 19th, 11	a.m.	Tuesday, 20th, 7	p.m
Thursday, 22d, 12	m.	Friday, 23d, 11	a m
Monday, 26th, 4½	p.m.	Tuesday, 27th, 2½	p.m
Thursday, 29th, 7	p.m.	Friday, 30th, 4	p.m

Boat leaves Port Penn 1¾ hours later than Odessa time.

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WALTER STAATS, Clerk.

Phila., Wilm. and Baltimore R. R.

DELAWARE DIVISION

On and after Nov. 20, 1899, trains will leave Middletown as follows:

SOUTHWARD.

	PAS. A. M.	EXP. A. M.	PAS. P. M.	MAIL P. M.	MAIL P.M	EXP P. M
Philadelphia	‡7.25	‖10.20	‡1.52	‡3.46	‡5:59	‖11 16
Baltimore..	4.10	9.15	12.05	1.46	4:20	7 53
Wilmington.	8.13	11.04	2.35	4.27	6:58	12 11
Farnhurst..	f 8.22		f 2 44		7,07	
New Castle..	8.27		2.49	4.39	7:12	
State Road.	f8.33		f 2.54		7:17	
Bear.....	f8.38		f 2.59	f 4.48	7:22	
Porter...	8.45		f 3.04	4.52	7:28	
Kirkwood.	8.50		f 3.09		7:33	
Mt. Pleasant.	8.59		f 3.17		f 7:41	
Armstrong..	f 9.03		f 3.21		f 7:45	
Middletown	9.08	11.50	3.26	5.18	7:51	12.54
Townsend.	9.17		3.34	5 28	7:59	
Blackbird.	f 9.22		f 3.39		f 8:04	
Gr'n Spring..	f 9.27		f 3.45		f8:10	
Clayton...	9 33	12.07	3.51	5.42	8:16	1.12
Smyrna. .LV	9.23	11.57	3.41	5.21	8:06	
Brenford..	f9.38		f 3.59		f8:21	
Cheswold..	f9.43		f 4.04		f8:27	
Dupont....			f 4.07			
Dover.....	9.58	12.23	4.14	5.59	8:37	1.31
Wyoming...	10.05	f12.29	4.20	6.05	8:43	a 1.39
Woodside...	f10.11			f 6.11	f8.50	
Viola....	f10.15			f 6.15	f8.54	
Felton...	10.20	f12.40		6.20	8.56	a 1.53
Harrington..	10 34	12.53		6.33	9.10	2.05
Farmington.	f10.42			f 6.41	f9.18	
Greenwood.	f10.50	f 1.08		f 6.49	f9.26	
Bridgeville...	10.58	f 1.16		6.57	9.34	a 2.29
Cannons...	f11.03			f 7.02	f9.39	
Seaford..	11.13	1.27		7.11	9.48	2.41
Laurel..	11.23	f 1.37		7.21	9.58	a 2.53
Delmar...	11.33	1.46		7.30	10.08	3.05

NORTHWARD.

	EXP. A. M.	MAIL A. M.	EXP. A. M.	MAIL P. M.	EXP. P. M.	PAS. P. M.
Delmar...	‖1.08		‡7.00	‡8.00	‡2.15	‡3.30
Laurel...	f 1.21		7.11	8.10	2.25	3.41
Seaford...	1.34		7.23	8.24	2.35	3.56
Cannons....			f 7.31	f 8.31		f 4.04
Bridgeville..	f 1.48		7.37	8.37	f 2.46	4.11
Greenwood..			f7.45	f 8.45	f 2.54	f 4.19
Farmington.			f 7.53	f 8.53		f 4.27
Harrington..	2.23		8.05	9.06	3.08	4:40
Felton...	f 2.38		8.14	9.16	f 3.18	4:49
Viola....			f8.18	f 9.20		f 4:53
Woodside...			f8.22	f 9.24		f 4:57
Wyoming..	p2:46	‡6.57	8.29	9.31	f 3.30	5:05
Dover....	2.57	7.03	8.35	9.38	3.36	5:11
Dupont....		f7.08				
Cheswold..		f7.13		f 9.48		f 5:20
Brenford..		f7.18		f 9.53		f 5:25
Smyrna. .LV		7.15	8.42	9.50	3.41	5:21
Clayton..	3.09	7.25	8.53	10.00	3.54	5:31
Gr'n Spring..		f7.29				f 5:37
Blackbird..		f7.35		f10.09		f 5:43
Townsend.		7.40	9 06	10.14	4.07	5:50
Middletown	3.30	7.50	9.15	10.24	4.16	5:58
Armstrong..		f7.54				f 6:02
Mt Pleasant.		7.58		f10 33		6:06
Kirkwood.		8.08		10.42		6:16
Porter....		8.15	9 34	10.48	4.34	6:22
Bear....		f8.20		f10.53		f 6:27
State Road.		f8.25		f10.58		f 6.32
New Castle..		8.31	9.46	11.04		6:37
Farnhurst..		f8.36	f9.50	f11.09		f 6.42
Wilmington	4.15	8.45	9.58	11.19	4.59	6:50
Baltimore..	6.22	10.34	12.45	2.15	7.10	8:43
Philadelphia	5.10	9.32	10.46	12.06	5.43	7:42

‖ Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday.

"a" Stops to leave passengers from Wilmington and points north, or take passengers for points south of Delmar.

"f" Stops only on notice to conductor or agent or on signal.

"l" Stops to leave passengers from Middletown and points south.

"p" Stops to leave passengers from points south of Delmar, or take passengers for Wilming and points north.

NEW CASTLE ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.—Leave Wilmington 8 13 a. m., 2.35, 4.27 and 6.58 p. m., week days. Leave New Castle 8.31, 9.46, 11.04 a. m., 6.37 p. m. week days.

Express trains leaving Harrington 8.05 a. m., and arriving at 6.33 p. m., week-days, run through solid to and from Baltimore, via Porter and Newark.

BRANCH ROADS.

DELAWARE, MARYLAND & VIRGINIA R. R.—Leave Harrington for Franklin City and way stations 10.38 a m 6.37 p m week days. Returning train leaves Franklin City 6.00 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. week days.

Leave Franklin City for Chincoteague (via steamer) 1.25 p. m., week-days. Returning, leave Chincoteague 4.52 a. m., week-days.

Leave Harrington for Georgetown, Lewes at 10.38 a. m., 6.37 p. m., week-days. Returning, leave Lewes 6.45 a. m. and 3.03 p. m. week-days.

Leave Harrington for Berlin, 10.38 a. m. and 6.37 p. m. week days. Returning, leave Berlin 7.02 a m and 2.37 p. m. week days.

QUEEN ANNE & KENT R. R.—Leave Townsend for Centreville and way stations 9.21 a. m., and 5.31 p. m.. week days Returning, leave Centreville 7.36 a. m.. and 2.37 p. m., week-days.

DELAWARE & CHESAPEAKE R. R.—Leave Clayton for Oxford and way stations 9.38 a. m., and 5.47 p. m., week-days. Returning, leave Oxford 6.45 a. m., and 1.43 p. m., week-days.

CAMBRIDGE & SEAFORD R. R.—Leave Seaford for Cambridge and intermediate stations 11.17 a. m. and 7.15 p. m. week-days, Returning, leave Cambridge 7.00 a.m. and 2.30 p. m. week-days

CONNECTION.—At Porter, with Newark and Delaware City Railroad. At Townsend, with Queen Anne's & Kent Railroad. At Clayton with Delaware & Chesapeake Railroad and Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad. At Harrington, with Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad. At Seaford, with Cambridge & Seaford Railroad. At Delmar, with New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk, Wicomico & Pocomoke, and Peninsula Railroads.

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